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TALES.

PAULINE—A HISTORICAL SKETCH.

BY PERCY B. ST. JOHN.

PAULINE was an orphan adopted by some worthy citizens of the Rue St. Honore, Paris, who, having brought her up to the age of sixteen, had placed her in his shop—a perfume warehouse—to dispense his goods at the counter. Women in France are almost universally the practical heads of commercial establishments. The master of the house, when he does not lounge away in a cafe, plays billards or cards half the day, or walks about like one living on his means, is contented to occupy a dignified and retired position, attending, not to sales, but to wholesale purchases. But such was not the case with M. Boulard, the adopted father of Pauline. Both he and his wife shared the labors of his shop together; he keeping the books, while Pauline and Madame Boulard attended to the details. The young girl was very pretty and very modest, and her presence contributed not a little to the success of the business. The good couple, having no children of their own, had manifested their intention of making Pauline their heiress, and this added to the charm which hung over the perfumer's store.

Pauline had many lovers, a great many—as young ladies who are pretty, modest, virtuous, are apt to have, especially when rich; for although the world is not half so selfish and wicked as certain persons fancy, yet a grain of interested love will always peep out among the truest suitors. Two lovers were chiefly assiduous in their attentions; the one, a rich shopkeeper of the same street; the other, a poor *frotteur*. Both were young, tolerably good looking, and very devoted in their attachment; and it would have been hard to say which was the most deserving. But Monsieur Alexis Laparaut was rich, and Jean Provost was poor.—It will readily be understood that the parents of Pauline would not have hesitated in their choice; but they knew only of the affection of Alexis: that of Jean was concealed even from himself.—Alexis came often to the house under one pretence or another, and was always favorably received. The good Boulards were highly flattered at his preference. Pauline like his frank open manners, and always greeted him with a smile. The *frotteur*—one who waxes and shines by means of rubbing, wooden floors—came to the house in the exercise of his trade. He always bowed low to Pauline

and asked her how she was; and even on her *fete* day had brought a single rose, which was graciously received. Jean was also a commissioner and ran on errands, and often came to this house to buy perfumes, soap, &c. for his employers, who appreciating his honesty and desire for work, freely trusted him with purchases. How happy Jean was if Pauline only served him; and how gentle and respectful were his tones, and how little he concealed his happiness if she gave him a good natured word! Pauline could scarcely be blind to the open love of Alexis, or the concealed affection of the poor *frotteur*; but however this may be, she said nothing, and appeared to notice neither. But young Laparaut had spoken to old Boulard had spoken to his wife, and his wife to the young girl; but she kissed her adopted mother so affectionately, and said so gently that she wished not to leave home, that the worthy woman was silent, and put off a little while any serious discussion of the matter.

Jean, meanwhile, became sombre and thoughtful; he dared not even think of making an offer; he, a poor workman, with uncertain means of livelihood, and so far beneath the position of her he loved! Had she been an unfriended orphan, without home, he would have joyfully offered his heart, and the only fortune he had—his honest labor.—While thus depressed, an event occurred which drove Pauline completely out of his thoughts.

One day he was sent for to wax the floors of a house near the Palais Royal, the apartments of which were generally devoted to the pleasure parties of the courtiers. Jean, who was well known and trusted, was told to wax the floor of every room then unoccupied. He obeyed, and soon found himself in a chamber of luxurious appearance, surrounded by pictures which told of rural love and happiness. Jean had seen them often before; but they had never affected him so much, and forgetting time, place, and his duties, he leant on the stick which held the wax, and fell into deep thought. Suddenly he was startled by voices in the next room; a horrible sentence caught his ear, and justified his listening. Pale and terrified, he hearkened to every word, and moved not, for fear of being discovered. He had discovered an awful and frightful secret; and he was a dead man if found in that room, the ill-joined wainscot of which allowed everything in the next to be distinctly heard. "What shall I do?" thought he to himself; "tomorrow is the *fete* of St. Louis; I have no time to lose."

Jean left the room on tiptoe, and with the ut-

most caution; then descending the stairs feigned to leave for dinner. No sooner was he clear of the house, than he made for the prefecture of police, and entering the hotel, asked to see the lieutenant. The servant replied that he could not be seen. It was one o'clock, and the fashionable Paris dinner-hour of that day—now six hours later. Not a valet dared disturb M. de Bellisle from his meal; but Jean insisted, stormed, implored; and at last, as they seized him by the shoulders to pitch him out, cried, "Do not drive me out. I must see Monsieur de Bellisle; the king's life is in danger!"

It was on the eve of St. Louis, 1753, and the king was Louis XV. The servants hesitated, looked at one another, and an agent of police, struck by the man's tone, bade them pause.

"Go, repeat his words to Monsieur le Lieutenant," said he; "and show this person into his private cabinet."

Jean, recovering his breath, followed his guide, and soon found himself face to face with the magistrate, whose mien was severe and inquisitive, and even incredulous. He bade the *frotteur* sit down, and asked him his business in a somewhat petulant tone—the tone of a man disturbed in the midst of his dinner.

"I come, sir," said Jean, firmly, "to inform you of a plot against the king's life."

"I am informed of such plots every day," replied the prefect, who was used to pretended denunciations from persons aiming at exciting attention and gaining money. "But let me hear the details."

Jean related all that the reader knows, and added that the attempt on the king's life was to be made that evening at the reception on the occasion of the eve of the *fete* of St. Louis, when it was usual to present the monarch with bouquets of flowers. One of these was to contain a poison so subtle, that the king, on smelling it, would fall as if struck with apoplexy. Bellisle looked at Jean. His mien was agitated: he was profoundly moved. His handsome and honest features were excited, as if by deep indignation; the pallor of horror was on his countenance. But the prefect of police, remembering the pretended revelations of La Tude and others, was still not wholly convinced.

"Are you sure," said he to Jean, "that you have heard what you tell me? Be careful. If you have done this from a mere motive of cupidity, and invented a fable, you will pay dearly for it; the Bastille for life."

"Put me on the rack if you like," cried Pre-

vost; "it will not alter my words. I repeat, the king is in danger. I offer my life as security for my truth!"

"Enough. I believe you. We will go together to Versailles."

It was a very short time after, when M. de Bellisle and Jean Provost entered the royal palace of Versailles by the stairs of the *Ceil de Bœuf*, and arrived secretly at the king's private apartments. Every precaution was taken to conceal the presence of the minister of police from the courtiers, as thus the conspirators might guess the discovery of their atrocious plot.

Louis XV. received the lieutenant, and had with him a long and secret interview. In fact they parted only when, at eight o'clock, the monarch went into the Hall of Treaties to receive the respectful homage of all the foreign ambassadors, princes and courtiers, who on the occasion were all received in state. The lieutenant of police joined Jean Provost, guarded in a private chamber with two *exempts*, and sat down to a hurried meal in which he invited the *frotteur* to join him without ceremony.

Meanwhile Louis XV. had entered the Hall of Treaties, and seated himself on his throne at the end of the apartment. Before him was the magnificent round mosaic table given to Louis Le-grand by the republic of Venice, and which was destined to receive the splendid and rare bouquets offered on this occasion by the royal family, the grand officers of the household, and the members of the diplomatic corps to the King. The crowd was gay and gorgeous. Every variety of costume rich, bright and resplendent, shone beneath the blaze of light, which showed off the brilliance of the diamonds on the women. The King, who despite his frivolity, had great courage, and a fund of good sense, which, with other education, would have made him a different man, was by no means moved, but smiled graciously on Madame de Pompadour, and caressed her favorite spaniel which sat upon a stool between them, and at her feet.

The ceremony commenced. The king, as was the custom, took the bouquets one by one thanking, every giver by some sprightly word. Pretending to play with the spaniel, and to repress its indiscreet caresses, he placed every bunch of flowers near the animal's nose, and then laid it down on the mosaic table. Madame de Pompadour laughed, but hid her laughter with her fan.

"If they feel hurt," said she in a whisper.

"It is *your* spaniel, countess," replied the king gallantly.

The foreign ministers had precedence, and had presented all their bouquets. The members of the royal family came next, having courteously allowed the diplomatic corps to precede them. The king took the bouquet from the hands of the nearest of the blood royal, who stepped back bowing. He held the flowers to the spaniel's nose; the poor brute sniffed, reeled and fell dead! Madame de Pompadour turned pale, and would have shrieked, but the king had warned her by a look.

"Not a word," whispered he; "it is nothing! Drop the folds of your dress over the poor animal. It has died to make true the saying, 'Son of a king—brother of a king—never king!'"

The ceremony proceeded, Louis XV. completely concealing his emotion, while Madame de Pom-

padour smothered her alarm and curiosity. As soon as all was over, the king retired to his chamber, and sent for the lieutenant of police, who at once was struck by his solemn manner.

"Am I to arrest the guilty, sire?"

"You were correctly informed, Bellisle.—Last year the dagger of Damians; this time a bunch of flowers, and always from the same quarter. I cannot nor ought I to punish. I order you to desist from inquiring into this mystery. Where is the man who saved me?"

"Close at hand, sire," replied the lieutenant, who knew well whence the blow came, and also that descended from too exalted a hand, and too near a relative to be noticed.

"Bring him to me."

"I am at your orders, sire," and the lieutenant of police bowed. M. Bertin de Bellisle was far too honest a man to do as most of his predecessors would have done—used the discovery, and kept all the merit to themselves.

"I have brought this good man with me, sire," continued Bertin; "he is in the guard-room, all confused and alarmed at being in a palace in his rude working-dress."

"So much the better," said the king; "it is at least an honest costume and an honest occupation. Bring him in, Monsieur de Bellisle; I will receive him better than I would a courtier." Bertin de Bellisle went out, and returned leading the *frotteur* by the hand.—Jean Provost—bold, stout fellow though he was—trembled, held down his head, and turned and twisted his cap in his hands, quite unaware that he was pulling it all to pieces.

"Embrace your king," cried Louis XV. with a grateful tear in his eye; "this is your first reward."

"Sire," said Jean, falling on his knees, "I ask no reward but the feeling of having saved your majesty."

"Come hither," and the king seized him, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"I am unworthy of such honor."

"What can I do for you?" asked Louis XV. who was capable of very good emotions.

"I ask nothing, sire."

"But I insist. Whatever you ask you shall have."

"If your majesty could give me Pauline," whispered Jean Provost.

"Oh, oh!" laughed Louis XV. once more himself again: "a love affair. Come, the *frotteur* shall sup with the king whose life he has saved, and tell his story. Bellisle, send a coach for him in the morning, or rather come yourself. I will give you further instructions about this matter. But silence, my friend, not a word."

The lieutenant of police retired, and Louis XV. who was always delighted at novelty and an unexpected amusement, took the *frotteur*, just as he was, to the Trianon, where he was to sup with Madame de Pompadour; and there, in the presence of the beautiful court favorite, made him tell his story, which Jean did with a naïveté, truth, and sincerity, which deeply interested the king, used wholly to another atmosphere. Next morning, Louis, after shaking Jean warmly by the hand, and holding a private conference with Bellisle, said, "You shall have a house in the park, my friend, near the Trianon. You shall be hon-

orary head gardener, with a hundred louis a month for your salary, and every morning we shall thus never forget you, nor the cause which compels my everlasting gratitude."

Next morning at an early hour, before the business of the day commenced, and while a porter was taking down the shutters of the shop, M. Boulard called his wife and Pauline into his little office. The good man's air was grave, and a little annoyed. He had gone out the previous evening, and returned at a late hour. Pauline had long since retired to rest, but M. Boulard had held a long conference with his wife. The excellent citizen spoke with animation, and not without a little anger, but finally cooled down before the soothing of his wife.

"Besides," said he triumphantly, "she can never hesitate. Bah! prefer a wretched *frotteur* to a substantial citizen—never!"

"Pauline," began M. Boulard in the morning, "I have to speak seriously to you. It seems your marriage must be decided on at once, since high people have troubled themselves about it. But that I have spoken myself with the minister of police—I should think—never mind; I am not a fool. But of course I should be wrong. Well, Pauline, you must this morning decide. Two lovers are at your feet—Alexis; and, you will never believe it, Jean Provost the *frotteur*! Isn't it ridiculous?"

"Dear father, excuse poor Jean," stammered Pauline.

"I knew you would forgive him, child.—But now you must decide freely of your own will between them. We have our wishes; but that is nothing, we leave you wholly unbiassed. Speak out like a good girl, and speak frankly."

"But, my dear father, I have no wish to marry."

"But, child, you must. You shall know the reason another time. So now, child, you must speak out. Which is it to be—Alexis or Jean?"

"Must I speak now?" said Pauline, blushing.

"Yes, child," put in Madame Boulard, "it is absolutely necessary."

"Then dear papa, dear mamma, if it's all the same to you I like Alexis!"

"I knew it!" cried the delighted Boulard.

"Very well; but—I love—Jean." And Pauline buried her pretty, blushing, pouting face in her hands.

The perfumer looked at his wife, his wife looked at him, and both cried, "I never could have thought it."

"But," said Madame Boulard resignedly, "perhaps it's for the best."

"Perhaps," replied Boulard with a melancholy shake of his head. "Oh, women, women!"

A knock came to the door, and then Jean Provost entered, so well dressed, so proudly happy, so handsome, that all started.

"I come to know my fate," cried he; but the rogue had heard the last words of the old couple through the half-open door.

"She is yours," cried M. Boulard with a thought "what a poor *frotteur* can want with such a wife is more than I can imagine."

"I am not a poor *frotteur*," said Jean Provost; "I am honorary head gardener of the royal gardens of Versailles, with a hundred louis of monthly income, and a house large enough to hold us all, if

you will come and live with us, and sell your business. That you may understand my sudden rise, I may tell you, my new parents—but never repeat it—that I have luckily saved the King from the attempt of an obscure assassin, and that Louis XV. has shown his gratitude to the poor frotteur."

"Monsieur Jean"—

The young man smiled; he had never been called *Monsieur* before.

"Monsieur Jean, here is my hand. We accept and are very glad, since Pauline loves you. It was for her sake we hesitated.—There, take her; and may you both be as happy as we have been." And the old man looked affectionately at his wife, and at the young couple, who had scarcely yet looked at one another.

They were married, and they were happy. They went down to Versailles to live in the house the King gave them, and lived there long after Louis XV.'s death, the place being kept for them by Louis XVI. Jean became gardener in reality; and for the eleven years that the King lived, he never wanted a bouquet of some kind when at his palace of Versailles; and far more wonderful, he never forgot the action of the frotteur, nor ceased to bear it in grateful remembrance. At his death there were two who shed genuine tears, and cast many a garland on his tomb—and these were Jean Prevost and Pauline his wife.

LUCKY JACK.

JACK had served his master seven years: then he said to him,—"Master, my time is out. Now I should like to go home to my mother. Give me my wages."

The master answered—"You have served me truly and well: as the service so shall the reward be."

With these words he gave him a bag of heavy silver money that was as big as Jack's head.—Jack took out his pocket-hankerchief, wrapped the bag up in it, put it upon his shoulder, and set out on the road home. As he went along thus, always putting one leg before the other, a man came in sight, who trotted by brisk and fresh upon a spirited horse.

"Ah!" said Jack aloud, "what a beautiful thing riding is! There he sits, as if he were in a chair; stumbles over no stone, saves his shoes, and gets to the end of his journey he doesn't know how!"

The rider, who had heard him, called out—"Well, Jack, why then do you trudge afoot?"

"Ah! because I must carry home this bag. It is real silver; but I can't hold up my head for it, and it galls me on the shoulder."

"I tell you what," said the rider, stopping; "we will exchange. I will give you my horse, and you give me your bag."

"With all my heart!" said Jack; "but I warn you it will be a deal of trouble to you."

The rider jumped off, took the bag, and helped Jack to mount. Then he put the reins into his hand, and said,—"Now, when you want to go very fast you must cluck with your tongue, and call out, 'Hupp, hupp!'"

Jack was in a state of great joy as he sat on the horse, and rode along so bold and free. After a little while he thought he would go faster, and he began to cluck with his tongue, and to call out,

"hupp, hupp!" The horse upon this started suddenly off at a brisk trot, and before Jack was aware of it, he was thrown off, and lying in a ditch which separated the fields from the high road. The horse would have run away had not a countryman stopped it, who came along the road driving a cow before him. Jack scrambled up, and stood on his legs. But he was vexed, and said to the countryman—

"Riding is but a sorry joke, especially if you get hold of such a jade as this, that kicks and throws you off, so that you well nigh break your neck. I will never get on its back again. That's the best of your cow: you can walk along behind her at your ease; and besides that, you have milk, and butter, and cheese every day for certain. What would I give if I had a cow!"

"Well," said the peasant, "as it would be a great favor to you, I'll give you the cow for the horse."

Jack agreed to it with a thousand thanks; and the countryman threw himself on the horse, and rode hastily away.

Jack drove his cow peacefully before him, and congratulated himself on his lucky bargain. He said to himself, "Now, if I only want a bit of bread—and certainly I shall never be in want of that—I can, as often as ever I please, have butter and cheese to eat with it; if I am thirsty, I milk my cow and drink milk: heart! what more do you want?" When he came to an inn he stopped, and with great joy ate clean up all the bread he had for dinner and supper, and called for a glass of beer, which he paid for with his last few farthings. Then he continued his journey, driving his cow towards the village where his mother lived. But as the mid-day drew on, the heat became more oppressive, and Jack found himself on a heath which would last him for an hour's walk. He got so hot that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth for thirst. "The thing is easily to be remedied," thought he; "now I will milk my cow, and refresh myself with the drink." He fastened her to a dead tree, and tried to milk her, but notwithstanding all his trouble not a single drop would come. As he set about it very awkwardly, the impatient animal at last gave him such a kick on the head with one of her hind-legs, that he fell back on the ground, and for some time did not know at all where he was. Fortunately, just then a butcher came along, who had a young pig lying in his wheelbarrow.

"Hallo! what's the matter here?" said he, helping poor Jack to rise. Jack told him all that had happened. The butcher handed him his flask and said, "There, take a drop and cheer up. You will never get any milk from the cow: it is an old beast, at the best only fit for the plough or the slaughter-house."

"Alas, alas!" said Jack, stroking the hair down over his head, "who would have thought it? It is certainly a good thing when one can kill a beast for the use of the family: what meat it gives! But I don't care much for cow's flesh—it isn't juicy enough for me. Ah, if one could have a young pig! that has a different flavor, and over and above there's sausages!"

"Hark ye, Jack!" said the butcher; "for your sake I'll let you have the pig for the cow."

"God reward you for your friendship!" said Jack, and he handed the cow over to him. The

young pig was untied from the barrow, and the cord with which it was bound given into his hand.

Jack went on his way, and thought how every thing happened according to his wishes; and how, if any misfortune occurred, some good thing immediately made amends for it. As he was dwelling upon these thoughts, a young fellow came up to him, carrying a beautiful white goose under his arm. They said good-day to one another, and Jack began to talk about his good luck, and how he had always made such an advantageous exchange. His companion said he was taking his goose to a christening feast. "Just lift it up by the wings," continued he, "and see how heavy she is. She has been crammed for eight weeks, and he who eats her must wipe the fat from both sides of his mouth!"

"Yes," said Jack, holding her up in one hand, "she weighs her weight; but my pig is not so bad."

In the meantime the man looked about him suspiciously, and shook his head. "I tell you what" he began, "it is not all quite right with that pig. In the village through which I have passed, a pig belonging to the mayor has just been stolen. I fear—I fear you have it there by the rope. It would be a bad day's work if you were found with it; at the least you would be locked up in the black hole."

Poor Jack was terrified. "Ah," said he, "help me out of this scrape! you know the parts here better than I do, take my pig there, and leave me your goose!"

"It's a great risk for me," answered the man; "but I will not be the cause of your getting into misfortune."

So he took the rope in his hand, and drove the pig along a by-way; while our good Jack, released from his anxiety, went on towards home with the goose under his arm. "If I consider rightly," said he to himself, "I have still the best of the bargain: first the good roast; then the quantity of fat that will drip from it; and finally, the beautiful white feathers, which I will have my pillow stuffed with, upon which I shall sleep without rocking. What a pleasure there will be for my mother!"

As he was passing through the last village, there stood a scissor-grinder with his barrow, singing to his burring work. Jack stood still and watched him, and at last went up to him and said—

"I suppose you get on very well, as you are so jolly at your grinding?"

"Yes," answered the grinder, "my handicraft is founded on a mine of gold. Your true grinder is a man who, as often as he puts his hand in his pocket, finds money in it. But where did you buy that fine goose?"

"I didn't buy it—I changed it for my pig."

"And the pig?"

"I got that for my cow."

"And the cow?"

"I got that in exchange for my horse."

"And the horse?"

"I gave a bag of silver money as big as my head for that."

"And the bag of silver money?"

"Oh, that was my wages for seven years' service."

"You always knew now to help yourself," said the grinder. "But, if you could now so manage

as to hear money jingling in your pocket whenever you moved, you would have made your fortune."

"How is that to be done?" said Jack.

"You must be a grinder, like me: for that you want nothing but a whetstone—every thing else comes of itself. There, I have one—it is a little damaged, but you shall give me in return for it nothing except your goose. What do you say to that?"

"How can you ask me?" said Jack. "I shall surely be one of the happiest men on earth. If I have money as often as I put my hand in my pocket, what need I care for?" with which he held out the goose to him.

"Now," said the grinder, lifting up a heavy common stone from the field which lay near him—"there, you have a proper stone to begin with, which will bear a good blow: you can hammer your nails straight upon it. Take it, and be careful of it!"

Jack put the stone on his shoulder, and went on with a cheerful heart. His eyes glistened with joy, and he said to himself,—"All my wishes are fulfilled." But now, as he had been upon his legs since break of day, he began to feel tired; he was also worried by hunger, for he had eaten up all his provisions at one meal, in joy, at the cow he had purchased. At last he could only get on with great difficulty, and was obliged to rest every moment. The stone pressed heavily on him, and he could not help thinking what a good thing it would be if just now he were not obliged to carry it.—Like a snail, he came crawling into a field to rest and refresh himself with a drink of fresh water; and that he might not injure the stone while he was sitting down, he laid it carefully beside him on the edge of the well. Then he turned round to draw some water; but, as he turned, he pushed accidentally against the stone, and it plunged into the well. When Jack with his own eyes had seen it sink to the bottom, he sprang up in joy—then knelt down and thanked God, with tears in his eyes, that he had shown him this mercy also, and had delivered him from the stone so easily, which was the only thing wanting to his happiness. "There is no man under the sun so happy as I am!" cried he; and so with a light heart, and free from all burden, he now bounded on till he was at home with his mother.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

LETTERS FROM THE WEST.

No. I.

WHILE in travelling, there are many scenes which elevate and refine the mind, yet there are also many which are annoying; many also which are disagreeable in experience that become amusing as a subject of relation and reflection.

To the contemplative traveller who can separate himself and anxieties from the scene, there is much that is amusing in the arrival and departure of a steamboat or rail road car.

The rush of the cabmen and porters on board of the North river boats at Albany, I believe is unprecedented in any travellers experience, it may be compared to a mock irruption of the Goths, rushing impetuous like a torrent, they pour resistless on the deck of the doomed vessel, carrying in their hands a forest of whips instead of spears;

but which at a distance may be likened to those dangerous weapons. Collected on the deck they make an onward swoop at their quarry—the terror-stricken passengers. A moment of hesitation and all is lost, your baggage seized and carried out through a dense crowd of carts, hacks and carriages; porters, loafers and pickpockets; lucky are you if you can stem the torrent and keep in the wake of your etceteras and escape safe with one half.

Your perplexities are not confined to landing alone, for on your arrival on the boat if you have placed your valise on the deck for two minutes, you may find it missing and if you enquire of the sooty imps of extortion; a crowd whom are kept in the boat to bleed the passengers, they may console you with the information that it is stolen, and that it serves you right for not hiring them to mind it for you, after half an hour of search you will find that some of them have it secured and will deliver it only on payment of black mail.

When arrived at the Railway station the scene is not deficient in interest especially if the western train has just come in, and you are not brooding over the loss of some much-prized moment of past travel. There is a wise provision at this station for amusing those who ate too early by the perplexities of those who are too late. Having two or three rails they place a few cars in the foreground and scatter a few more at intervals sufficient to embarrass the uninitiated in railroad travelling. Some are endeavoring to get into the P. Office or express office cars, some less ambitious are getting into the freight cars, while many of the more aristocratic and shrewd jump into the cars which have just come in. The outward bound cars were in an out of the way place so that the industrious pursuer of knowledge under difficulties, can have an amusing game of hide and go-seek to find the identical car to which he is bound. You may thus have some idea of the confusion such a state of things will produce in the minds of those who are rather behind the time. As the time of departure draws nigh the plot thickens; after much panting and struggling some luckless wight obtains a much wished for resting place. Consoling himself for his good luck he hears some hints that he is in the wrong car, he fidgets a little, until he sees a number vacate their seats and rush to the other car, he follows, just as the cars are starting, the conductor informs some individual with an enquiring mind, that this car stops at Schenectady, then the poor gentleman grasps his stick, umbrella &c. and rushes frantically so the other car being met in his exit by other parties who have been placed in a similar dilemma.

Having debated in my mind as to the best method of travelling to the west, I concluded on coming to Schenectady to take the canal boat. Being something experienced in travelling I generally sacrifice speed to my ease, especially when it is on the right side of the pocket. Perceiving the packet to be crowded and time not being much of an object I proceeded to a line boat, whose progress was slower but pleasanter, as when tired of riding it was easy to jump on the bank and walk without fear of being left. Hearing the agent tell a lady who desired passage that there were four lady passengers, I thought I had prided myself on my enjoyment rather prematurely, but on leaving the wharf I found it only a pleasant fiction of the

agent to induce two ladies to take passage who were the only lady passengers we had. Having my luggage stowed away, which is the first consideration for a traveller, I looked around to criticise my fellow-passengers.

There were five or six passengers besides the two females who occupied a recess partitioned from the main cabin, with curtains instead of doors and styled *par excellence*, the state room. My first glance was satisfactory, one was evidently a farmer's wife, the other a young woman plainly dressed would probably be taken for a servant girl—rather stout no great pretension to beauty. Having taken my survey I flattered myself on a pleasant journey. Wishing to pass the time agreeably I went and procured a couple of books from my trunk an odd number of Blackwood and a volume of Sam Slicks lucubrations. As I passed through the state room the young lady desired to know the title of my books, taking it for a request to borrow one, I lent her Blackwood and selfishly snuggled myself down to read, but it was not many minutes before my former questioner laid aside Blackwood and with an interrogative look at the cover of my book wished to know whether it was the first or second volume. I was informed that my fair companion had read the first series of the work and one volume of the second, so I exchanged books with her and had just got deep into the military annuals of Prince Eugene and Marlborough, when my companion returning the book informed me that she had read it before. She also informed me that she much liked the works of Charles Dickens and Fredrica Bremer—the deuce thought I, and took another glance at my fair companion, there was nothing indicative of her mind in her countenance, I was puzzled; resolving not to give it up so, I threw down my book and commencing a conversation with her found her conversant with most of the authors of the day. Trying to retreat to my book again I found it impossible to keep my attention fixed with those large eyes looking at me. Resolving to keep my companion employed I procured a volume of tales for her, but keeping her employed, did not prevent my thoughts from wandering across the cabin, to my now-silent companion. I kept surmising to myself what brought her there, whether she was engaged or no—was that a relation with her—whether she expected some one to meet her &c. and thus passed the first day till the shadows lengthened on the silent surface of the water.

Erie Canal, 1851.

J. D. C.

For the Rural Repository.

RAMBLES ABOUT ALBANY.

BY GEO. S. L. STARKS.

WE parted in the library I believe, dear reader. The number of volumes in it is 25800. And now being already in the Capitol, we may as well take a glance at the Legislature. This fine looking room with gas fixtures (I do not mean the *members* by any means) starting out from every pillar is the Senate chamber. The seats, 32 in number, are disposed about a circular bar, and the room is principally lighted by a window-dome. The portly man with a somewhat aristocratic air in yonder chair, is Lieu. Gov. Church, ex-officio President of the Senate. He possesses a superior and cultivated mind, and yet he will never be guilty of "turning the world upside down." Be-

hind his chair is suspended a portrait of De Witt Clinton, the Father of the Erie Canal. Do you see that fellow at the 31st desk, whose brow juts out and forward, and whose eye betokens deep thought? It is Geo. R. Babcock, the ablest man on the Senate floor. He speaks but seldom at length, but when he does his remarks demand attention and carry conviction home to every mind. Near by us perceive another with untrimmed beard and hair. He bears an appropriate name, CALEB LYON, the western poet. His speeches are delivered as one would do a day's work, with all his might, a seat or two this way is H. B. Stanton, the leading Dem-debater; a ready energetic and eloquent speaker. That fleshy, large-headed and good-natured looking man is B. N. Huntington, the successor of Mr. Mann, who was the leader or

"That doleful, doleful day,
When twelve combined
And all resigned,
And another ran away."

And yonder is the man who was a feared to stay; Mr. Carroll of Rens. Co. He has a word on every topic bro't up, and sometimes without sufficient reflection. One would think he did not much resemble his revolutionary namesake. When the Locos wish to stave off action on any subject, he is appealed to, and he will talk as long as is necessary, as he did on the U. S. Senator question, tho' without success on that occasion.

With this we will go to the Assembly room. The seats here are arranged similarly to those in the Senate, but in many rows. A splendid centre-light depends from the ceiling, composed of innumerable-almost-transparencies in circles.—The effect when this is fully lighted in the evening is fine. Of the members, numbering 128, I have little to say. The most prominent among them are Messrs. O. Allen, the Whig leader, Burroughs, the Dem. author of the Canal Bill, Raymond, speaker during the 1st session, and Varnum, occupying the same position during the extra one. The members of the *Third House*—the Lobby, are so intermingled with those of the other two, that it will be impossible to attempt a separate description. In passing out we will stop for a brief chat with the Governor, Washington Hunt, a tall dignified personage whose honors "sit easily about him." His complexion is dark and rather sallow, his eye black, restless and piercing, and his temperament is the nerve-phlegmatic. His hair is straight and black as the raven's wing, in this respect forcibly reminding one of that type of freedom, an Indian. Comparing the Legislative and Executive branches our State government with those of any other country in the world, we think that the Empire State of the North American Confederacy would have no cause to blush. More Anon.

Albany, July, 1851.

MISCELLANY.

OUR LIFE-TIME.

FROM THE GERMAN

WHEN the world was created, and all creatures assembled to have their life-time appointed, the Ass first advanced, and asked how long he would have to live.

"Thirty years," replied Nature, "will that be agreeable to you?"

"Alas!" replied the Ass, "it is a long while!

Remember what a wearisome existence mine will be; from morning until night I shall have to bear heavy burdens, dragging corn-stalks to the mill, that others may eat bread, while I shall have no encouragement, nor be refreshed with anything but blows and kicks. Give me but a portion of the time, I pray?"

Nature was moved with compassion, and presented to him but eighteen years. The Ass went away comforted and the dog came forward.

"How long dost thou require to live?" asked nature; "thirty years were too many for the Ass, but wilt thou be contented with them?"

"Is it thy will that I should?" replied the Dog, "think how much I shall have to run about, my feet will not last for so long a time; and, when I shall have lost my voice for barking and my teeth for biting, what else shall I be fit for but to lie in a corner and growl?"

Nature thought he was right, and gave him twelve years. The Ape then approached.

"Thou wilt, doubtless, willingly live the thirty years," said Nature; "thou wilt not have to labor as the Ass and the Dog. Life will be pleasant to thee."

"Ah, no!" cried he, "so it may seem to others, but it will not be! Should puddings even rain down, I shall have no spoon! I shall play merry tricks, and excite laughter by my grimaces, and then be rewarded with a sour apple. How often sorrow lies concealed behind a jest! I shall not be able to endure for thirty years!"

Nature was gracious, and he received but ten.

"At last came Man, healthy and strong, and asked the measure of this days.

"Will thirty years content thee?"

"How short a time!" exclaimed man:—"when I shall have built my house, and kindled a fire on my own hearth—when the trees I shall have planted are about to bloom and bear fruit—when life will seem to me more desirable, I shall die! Oh, Nature! grant me a longer period!"

"Thou shalt have the eighteen years of the Ass besides."

"That is not enough," replied Man.

"Take likewise the twelve years of the Dog."

"It is not sufficient," reiterated man; "give me more!"

"I give thee then the ten years of the Ape; in vain wilt thou crave more."

Man departed unsatisfied.

Thus man lives seventy years. The first thirty are his human years, and pass swiftly by; he labors cheerfully and rejoices in his existence, the eighteen years of the Ass come next, and burden is heaped upon him; he carries the corn that is to feed others, and blows and kicks are the wages of his faithful service. The twelve years of the Dog follow, and he loses his teeth, and lies in a corner and growls. When these are gone, the Ape's ten years form the conclusion. Then man, weak and silly, becomes the sport of children.

OPPOSITION TO YOUNG MEN.

EVERYBODY knows how common it is for old and middle-aged men to try to keep young men from rising in the world, by sneers at the youthfulness of aspirants—as in the case of Walpole, whose taunts against Pitt so signally failed to depress the latter, served but to "damn their author to

everlasting fame." No young man of talents, but has had enemies such as these to encounter—men who seem to take a certain fiendish delight and cherish a malicious pleasure in seeking to depress everything like genuine enthusiasm and buoyant ambition of the bright boy, or the brilliant young man—This arises half from sheer ignorance of the nature and temperance of genius. When the climber upward has gained his place among his peers, then it is that these miserable flatterers cringe and fawn as basely as they formerly malign and ridiculed him; and would fain crowd out of his sight his old friends and staunch adherents. In his green age and budding season the youth of genius craves and requires sympathy.—It is with him, especially, (and in a measure with all) an intellectual want as evident as the coarsest necessary element of existence."

BRIDAL QUARRELS.

A TRIFLING disagreement about a trifling matter may destroy a life of enjoyment. And it usually happens that when the married pair do quarrel, the occasion is so despicable they are ashamed to think of it. Yet that silly circumstance, like a drop of ink discoloring a whole vessel of water, often spreads its influence over the whole life. Just as

"A pebble in the streamlet seant,
Has turn'd the course of many a river;
A dew-drop on the baby plant
Has warp'd the giant oak forever."

I find an exceedingly painful illustration of these ideas in an English publication, for the truth of which its author pledges his word.

A young couple had passed the first weeks to their marriage at the house of a friend. Having of length occupied their new home, they were taking their first breakfast, when the following scene occurred:—

The young husband was innocently opening a boiled egg in an egg-cup. The bride observed that he was breaking the shell at, what *she thought* was the wrong end. "How strange it looks," she said, "to see you break your egg at the small end, my dear! No one else does so; and it looks so odd."

"O, I think it's quite as good, in fact better than breaking it at the large end, my love; for when you break the large end, the egg runs over the top," replied the husband.

"But it look so very odd, when no one else does so," rejoined the wife.

"Well, now, I really do think it is not a nice way that you have got of eating an egg. That dipping strips of bread and butter into an egg certainly is not tidy. But I do not object to your doing as you please, if you will let me break my egg at the small end," retorted the husband.

"I am quite sure my way is not so bad as eating fruit-pie with a knife, as you do, instead of using the fork; and you always eat up the sirup as if you were not accustomed to have such things. You really do not see how very bad it looks, or I am sure you would not do so," added the wife.

"The sirup is made to be eaten with the pie, and why should I send it away in the plate?" asked the husband.

"No well-bred persons clear up their plates as

if they were starved," said the bride, with a contemptuous toss of her little head,

"Well, then, I am not a well-bred person," replied the bridegroom, angrily.

"But you must be, if we are to be comfortably together," was the sharp answer of the fastidious lady.

"Well, I must break my egg at the small end, so it does not signify; and I must also eat the sirup."

"Then I will have have neither fruit-pies or eggs at the table."

"But I *will* have them," petulantly exclaimed the husband.

"Then I wish I had not been married to you," cried the young wife, busting into tears.

"And so do I," added the now incensed husband, as he arose and walked out of the room.

This domestic quarrel was followed by others equally trifling in their origin and disgraceful in their character; until the silly couple made themselves so disagreeable to each other that their home became unendurable, and they separated.

Now, I doubt not, the reader is ready to pronounce this quarrel about opening a egg, a foolish affair. It was so; and yet I seriously question if the first quarrel between a newly married pair ever has a much more elevated beginning. Little things do great mischief, and are to be watched with suspicious care.—*Bridal Greetings.*

A FINANCIAL OPERATION.

We lately heard a story illustrative of the early days of York county—those good old times when everybody was "honest as the days are long." The parties were two early settlers in the western part of York (now Adams) county—both were of honest old German stock—and as one of them is still living we suppress the names. Peter, it appears, had increased the size of his farm, by annexing thereto a small tract adjoining, and lacked about a hundred dollars of the sum necessary to pay for the new acquisition. He called upon his neighbor, George, to borrow the amount. George brought out an old bread basket, and counted down the desired number of "thalers"—and then of course, the two sat down to two large earthen mugs of cider and as many pipes of tobacco. After smoking over the matter for a while, it occurred to Peter, that in similar transactions he had seen or heard of something like a note passing between the borrower and lender, and he suggested as much to George. The lender assented to the propriety of the thing—paper, pen and ink were produced—and between the two a document was concocted, stating that George had loaned Peter one hundred dollars, which Peter would repay to George in "dree monts," (three months.) This Peter signed, and thus far our two financiers had made the thing all regular and ship-shape. But at this point a difficulty presented itself. They both knew that notes were made in the operation of borrowing and lending which they had witnessed; but neither of them had observed what disposition was made of the document—neither could tell whether it was *en regle* for the borrower or lender to take charge of the paper! Here was a dilemma! At length a bright idea struck George. "You

haf de money to pay, Peter—so he sure you must take dis paper, so as you can see as you haf to pay it!" This was conclusive—the common sense of the thing was unanswerable—and Peter pocketed the money and his note, "so as he could see as he had to pay it!" Three months passed over; and punctually to the day appeared our friend Peter, and paid over the promised sum to George. This being done, the mugs and pipes were again paraded. After puffing a while, Peter produced the note and handed it to George with the remark: "Now you must take de note, so as you can see as de money haf been paid!"

[York (Pa) Gazette.]

A PHILADELPHIA QUAKER.

A CERTAIN "Friend," whom we very well know was recently at a distant place of summer retreat. He stepped into the post-office one morning, and while there the Post Master asked him if he knew any English people staying at the hotel?

"Why does thee ask?" said the Quaker.

"Because," said the Postmaster, "here are half a dozen letters directed to England by the next steamer, and as the postage to Boston is not paid I cannot send them. If I cannot find the writers of them, they will be forwarded to the dead-letter office in Washington."

Our "Friend" looked at the letters. They were all double, and he remarked, "They appear to be family letters, and no doubt will be most welcome if received, or may cause great anxiety, if they should not be."

"I cannot help it," said the Postmaster.

"Well, I can, if thee cannot; what is the postage?"

"For six double letters, three dollars."

"Well, here is the money; thee will please mark the letters 'paid,' and send them to Boston."

And with this injunction the Philadelphia Quaker left the post office, his pockets not quite so heavy as when he entered, but his heart, we are sure, a great deal lighter.

A COOL OPERATION.

"HELLO, there, capting!" said a Brother Jonathan to the captain of a canal packet on the Erie Canal, "what do you charge for a passage?"

"Three cents per mile and boarded," said the captain.

"Well, guess I'll take a passage, capting, seein' as how I'm kinder gin eout walking so far."

Accordingly he got on board just as the steward was ringing the bell for dinner. Jonathan sat down and began to demolish the "fixins" to the utter consternation of the captain, until he had cleared the table of all that was eatable, when he got up and went on the deck, picking his teeth very comfortably.

"How far is it, capting, from here to where I came on board?"

"Nearly one and a half mile," said the captain.

"Let's see," said Jonathan, "that would be just four and a half cents; but never mind, capting, I won't be small; here's five cents, which pays my fare to here; I guess I'll go ashore now; I'm kinder rested eout."

The captain vamosed for the cabin, and Jonathan went ashore. The captain did not take any more "way passengers" the remainder of the summer.

PAT AT THE POST OFFICE.

THE following colloquy took place at an Eastern post-office.

Pat.—"I say, Mr. Postmaster, is there a littler for me?"

P. M.—"Who are you, my good sir?"

Pat.—"I'm meself, that's who I am."

P. M.—"Well, what's your name?"

Pat.—"An' what do you want wid the name? isn't it on the littler?"

P. M.—"So that I can find the letter if there is one."

Pat.—"Well, Mary Burns, thin, if ye must have it."

P. M.—"No, sir,—there is none for Mary Burns."

Pat.—"Is there no way to git in there but through this pane of glass?"

P. M.—"No, sir."

Pat.—"It's well for ye there isn't. I'd teach ye bittier manners than to insist on a gentlemint's name: but ye didn't git it after all—so I'm aven wid ye; divil the bit is my name Burns!"

NOTHING LOST BY CIVILITY.

A gentleman who has filled the highest municipal offices in one of our cities, owed his elevation chiefly to a single act of civility.

A traveller, on a hot summer's day, wanted some water for his horse, and perceiving a well near the road-side, turned his horse up towards it. Just then a lad appeared, to whom the stranger addressed himself, saying—

"My young friend, will you do me the favor to draw a bucket of water for my horse, as I find it rather difficult to get off and on?"

The lad promptly seized the bucket, and soon brought a supply of water. Pleased with the cheerful temper and courteous manner of the youth, the traveller inquired his name; and so deep was the impression made on his mind, that the name of the lad and his place of residence were remembered until several years afterwards, when the traveller had occasion for a clerk. He then sent for this youth, and gave him a responsible and profitable place, from which he rose to the chief magistracy of the city.

CUNNING FOX.

WHILE an old man was wandering by the side of one of the largest tributaries of the Almond, he observed a badger moving leisurely along the ledge of a rock on the opposite bank.—In a little time a fox came up, and after walking some distance close in the rear of the poor badger, he leaped into the water. Immediately afterwards came a pack of hounds at full speed, in pursuit of the fox, who by this time was far off floating down the stream—but the luckless badger was immediately torn to pieces by the dogs.

BEAR THIS IN MIND.

INORDINATE expenditure is the cause of a great share of the crime and consequent misery which devastate the world. The Clerk who spends

more than he earns, is fast qualifying himself for a gambler and a thief; the trader or mechanic who over runs his income, is very certain to become in time a trickster and a cheat. Wherever you see a man spending faster than he earns, there look out for villany to be developed, though it be the farthest thing from his present thought.

RULES OF HEALTH.

VARIOUS and almost innumerable systems of regimen and dietetics have been devised, to keep the body in order; and manifold are the causes alleged as originating disease. A very simple medical philosophy was that of the celebrated and able, but eccentric Dr. Abernethy, who maintained that all diseases are originally produced by one of two causes—Fretting and Stuffing!

This is not very choice phraseology we are aware but Dr. A. was not remarkable for refinement.—He was singularly rude and uncouth in his manners, and felt a sovereign contempt for effeminacy, which he was so far from attempting to conceal, that he delighted to parade and to exaggerate it. On one occasion he was visited by a North Country squire, from whom he extracted a circumstantial account of his daily round of feeding, betraying the unsuspecting man, by an ill assumed blandness, into admissions of all his gastronomic and Bacchanalian enormities. When the cross examination was finished, and the patient looked for a prescription, he was astonished by a most furious denunciation. Dr. Abernethy told him he was by his own confession, a glutton and a drunkard, and ordered him to go home and live like a rational being; and not expect to repair by drugs the effect of inordinate indulgence.

The doctor was right. But next comes the question, what is inordinate indulgence? Tried by strict rules, we fear very few could escape, even of those who conceive themselves temperate. A coarse, but practical method of illustration has been suggested, in the putting into a vessel, bit for bit, and piece for piece, and drop for drop, a duplicate of everything that one eats and drinks in twenty-four hours. The medley would not only astonish, but disgust; and we are inclined to suspect that there are few of us who do not err in this way, even among those who are considered temperate eaters and drinkers. As to the intemperate, their sin is palpable, and their punishment evident.

Now for the *fretting*. Nothing is better understood, or more readily acknowledged, than that sorrow, care, and uneasiness impair digestion.—We cannot escape sorrow, or avoid disappointment. But we can be resigned or patient under either. And we must, in this working-day world, eat the bread of carefulness—else in the jostle of competition we should soon have no bread left to eat at all. Care, however, in a reasonable and proper degree, is not incompatible with cheerfulness; but reasonably directed, may be made to minister to it. Prudent forecast saves the occurrence of harrassing anxiety, by preparing us for exigencies. Fretfulness usually finds a vent more in complaint against others, than in acknowledging our own short comings. Those who impair their digestion by mourning over their sins are far the fewer number.

Since, then, Temperance and Cheerfulness form

the panacea which, if it will not cure, will at least alleviate all disease, we must set these in our list of remedies, and in our selection of preventatives above all other. The first can only be followed in a life of reasonable activity and wholesome excitement, as otherwise we may be tempted to try anodynes and stimulants. And the last can only be enjoyed by the man with a large heart and open charity; for if we think ill of our kind, we cannot have cheerfulness. Suspicion and fretfulness go together. And “finally,” as the homeliest would say, we can only be temperate and cheerful by putting a true value upon things and events, neither magnifying trifles which concern ourselves, or undervaluing things and interests which affect others.—*Home Gazette.*

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

AT the recent Fourth of July celebration at Monson, the venerable Dr. Ely was called upon to respond to a sentiment commemorative of Washington, and in so doing related the following incident, which we find reported in the Springfield Republican:—

When a boy, I resided in West Springfield, and worked on a farm. In the autumn of the year 1789 I was engaged with my employer in gathering a load of corn-stalks from a field not far distant from Connecticut river. My employer had driven his loaded team from the lot, and left me, as usual, to put up the bars.

While thus occupied, I noticed the approach of four fine horses and a large vehicle. There was no driver upon the carriage, but astride the high horse of each span was a young mulatto postillion. There were two outriders and a footman. The vehicle (in which was seated a gentleman whose striking personal presence impressed me) was called in those days a chariot. It was entirely unique, and unlike anything in present use except in its running part. I saw the outriders gallop on in advance of the chariot, and hold some parley with my employer, who occupied the entire road with his loaded cart—the roads at that time being so narrow that two teams could not pass unless one yielded the way to the other.

I perceived that my employer yielded none of his right to the road, and that the chariot was detained by the cart until they reached a “turnout,” when the cortege passed on. I soon overtook my employer, and inquired who the distinguished personage was who had just passed us, and was informed that it was George Washington. I obtained permission to run on and see if I could not catch another glimpse of the great chieftain, whose deeds during the war had so filled my wandering fancy.

As there was no bridge across the Connecticut at that time, I hoped that the ferry boat might be on the opposite side, and that I might reach the beach before it arrived. In this I was not disappointed. I found General Washington standing upon the shore of the river, dressed in a snuff-colored surtout, with a long lapelled vest of the same color and material, and in “small clothes” and boots, and the most majestic and dignified looking man he was I ever saw.

Whilst I was gazed upon him, one of his postillions drove up and dismounted, and uncovering his head, said, in the most deferential manner, and with an expression of wounded dignity. “Your

Excellency, as we were driving along a little way back, we overtook a man with a loaded cart, who occupied the entire road. I asked him to stop his team that we might pass by. He declined.—I then told him that *President Washington* was in the chariot. He again refused, and said that he would not stop, that he had as good a right to the road as George Washington had.” The simple reply of Washington to this, was, “And so he had.” The postillion, after a moment’s look of wonder and astonishment at the condescension of the President of the United States, quietly put on his hat and again mounted his horse. I watched on the cortege until it was out of sight, but my impression and memory of Washington are as vivid and distinct this moment, as if I had seen the great man only yesterday.

Good.—A tutor of a college lecturing a young man said, “Your conduct will bring your father’s gray hairs with sorrow to the grave.” “That is impossible, my father wears a wig.”

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1851.

WILSON'S HUDSON RIVER GUIDE.

This Work is not only a valuable Companion to individuals making excursions on the Hudson River, but it is almost necessary to the general traveller through the United States. It contains all the Railroad, Steamboat and Canal, and the principal Stage Routes, with an historical sketch and general description of the River, New-York City, Staten Island Brooklyn, &c. H. WILSON, 49 Ann St. N. Y. Publisher.

THE GREAT METROPOLIS FOR 1851.

This Book comprises an Almanac, Memorandum space for every day in the year, a Description of the City, its public Buildings, &c., with a very convenient Map of New York, and a full directory of every Street and Avenue. The Work is most beautifully illustrated with many fine Engravings, consisting of views such as the City Hall, the New Medical College, the Post Office, the University, and the principal Churches, thereby rendering it exceedingly valuable. Altogether it is a Publication of importance to all persons visiting the Metropolis or its vicinity. Same Publisher as the preceding.

DAN RICE'S CIRCUS.

This most brilliant train will visit our City on the 11th and 12th inst. Those who, would give themselves the pleasure of hearing and seeing this highly celebrated performer will doubtless embrace the present opportunity. If rumor speak true, and we doubt not she does, none will regret the time spent in listening to his wit and humor.

DEATHS.

In this city, on the 20th ult. Mrs. Rachel Richmond, in the 77th year of her age.

On the 26th ult. Miss Elizabeth Traver, eldest daughter of Mr. Frederick Traver, aged 38 years.

On the 2d inst. of consumption, William Curtiss, son of Marcus and Mary Jane Curtiss, aged 22 years, 4 months and 16 days.

At Chatham Centre, on the 18th ult. Elizabeth wife of Jacob Milham, in the 71st year of her age.

On the 27th ult. after a short and severe illness, Mr. William I. Hallenbeck, in the 55th year of his age.

Suddenly, at Greenbush, on the 31st ult. James Waterman, formerly of Rhinebeck, Dutchess Co. N. Y.

On the 25th ult. at the residence, of his son, M. M. Bullock, Comfort Bullock, formerly of Hillsdale in the 80th year of his age. Another revolutionary soldier gone.

At Nyack, on the 20th ult. Mary Elizabeth, infant daughter of Robert and Mercy M. Carpenter, aged 8 months and 13 days.

Sleep on sweet babe, and take thy rest,
We would not wish again
To call thee back upon this earth
Of sorrow and of pain.
’Twas hard to part with one so dear,
Which God himself hath given,
But he who gave now takes away
Our child to live in Heaven,
And oh! how happy is the thought
That we, too, soon shall die,
And meet our babe to part no more,
But dwell with God on high.



Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.

O WHY SHOULD WE WANDER.

BY A. DE L.

O why should we wander,
Desponding and sad,
While nature around us
Is smiling and glad.
The flower of the valley—
The forest's green leaf—
May teach us the lesson
Not to murmur at grief.

Did each humble flower
Alone bring to mind.
The chill blasts of winter—
The storm and the wind—
Did the fields yield no verdure,
Lest the tempest be near,
How lonely and cheerless
This world would appear.

Then why should man only,
Of all nature around,
Be dejected and gloomy,
When sorrows abound,
Afflictions seem lightest,
And soonest pass by,
When we cheerfully meet them,
With a bright fearless eye.

Maine Village, N. Y. 1851.

ADDRESS TO A DOVE.

BY RUFUS HANSCOM

How calm thy life, thou peaceful dove,
From pride and envy free,
Emblem of innocence and love,
I would resemble thee.

How pleasantly thy seasons glide
As on each sunny day,
Thy loving Consort by the side,
Thy moments pass away.

No envious passion breaks thy rest,
Or calls thee far to rove,
But constancy dwells in thy breast,
With never ceasing love.

And when thy little life is o'er,
Thy pleasure and thy pain;
Oh! is there not some peaceful shore,
Where thou wilt live again?

Perhaps some flowery isle of bliss,
Or on some sunny shore,
There is a peaceful Paradise,
Where doves will part no more.

Liberal Academy, Gorham, Me. 1851.

From the Louisville Journal.

MONUMENTS.

BY JOHN B. L. SOULE.

Not in cemeteries only

Are the records of the dead:

All around on hearth-stone lonely
May their epitaphs be read.

Every household showeth traces
Sacred to departed love;

And each band of kindred faces
Hath an absent one above.

Not a heart but hath some corner
Darkened by the cypress shade,

Where affection sits, a mourner,
By the waste that death hath made.

Not a eye but frequent turneth

Upward to the jewelled sky,

To some flashing gem, that burneth
With a new-born brilliancy.

Polished slabs and granite solemn

May heroic deeds enroll;

But the only during column
Rises, quarried from the soul—
From the soul, where fondly linger
Shadows of the lovely flown;
Where no sacrilegious finger
Stains the momental stone,
Marble words alone can never
Immortality impart;
But love's record lives forever
Deeply sculptured on the heart.
Let no impious Te Deum
Celebrate the spirit's praise—
Nor the chiseled mausoleum,
With its lapidary lays
Love shall claim the holy duty,
Watching with her angel tread;
Tinging with immortal beauty
All the relics of the dead.

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately homes of England,

How beautiful they stand!

Amidst their tall ancestral trees,

O'er all the pleasant land.

The deer across their green-ward bound

Through shade and sunny gleam,

And the swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!

Around their hearths by night,

What glad some looks of household love

Meet in the ruddy light!

There woman's voice flows forth in song,

Or childhood's tale is told;

Or lids move tunelessly along

Some glorious page of old.

The blessed hour of England!

How softly on their bowers

Is laid the holy quietness

That breathes from Sabbath-hours!

Solemn, yet sweet the church-bell's chime

Flows through their woods at morn;

All others sounds, in that still time,

Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!

By thousands on her plains,

They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,

And round the hamlet-fanes.

Through glowing orchards forth they peep,

Each from its nook of leaves,

And fearless there the lowly sleep,

As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!

Long, long in hut and hall,

May hearts of native proof be rear'd

To guard each hallow'd wall!

And green for ever be the groves,

And bright the flowery sod,

Where first the child's glad spirit loves

Its country and its God!

A PRAYER IN SICKNESS.

Send down the winged angel, God!

Amid this night so wild;

And bid him come where now we watch,

And breathe upon our child!

She lies upon her pillow, pale,

And moans within her sleep,

Or wakeneth with a patient smile,

And striveth not to weep.

How gentle and how good a child

She is, we know too well,

And dearer to her parents' hearts,

Than our weak words can tell.

We love—we watch throughout the night,

To aid, when need may be;

We hope—and have despond'd at times;

But now we turn to Thee!

Send down thy sweet-sou'd angel, God!

Amid the darkness wild,

And bid him soothe our souls to-night,

And heal our gentle child!

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